Why are you selling dreams of who you wish you could be A prince in all of the magazines
They'd have no words for the man I've seen
Talk real fast 'fore they see your face

And would they love you if they knew all the things we know We've got these images
We need them to be true
Not ready to believe we're no more insecure than you

[Chorus:]

But then there're girls like me who sit appauled by what we've seen

We know the truth about you Now you're the prince of all the magazines That is a dangerous thing

But would they love you if they knew all the things that we kno $\ensuremath{\mathtt{w}}$

Those Golden Boys

All a fraud don't believe their show

Would they love you if they knew all the things that we know

Golden Boy life ain't a video

Place you in these robes and tell you you're the greatest man And you believe and play your cards
Got dealt a winning hand
Don't you get tired of the show
The kissin' ass of all the people that you wanna know

When I was young I thought you had it won I saw you on T.V. you made life look fun But then years go by and people grow I realize it's all a freak show

[Chorus]

Girls like me don't need no bubblin' mindstate thrown in my fac

The way you goin' ain't gonna be no stroll in the sunshine Can't turn it back now baby you gone and past that line So give it on up now What you gonna do

[Chorus]